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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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VOL. XXXI

GAMBIER, OHIO, JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1

Editorial.

ALTHOUGH the football season just past has been anything but successful, placing us in fact, at the foot of the Big Six, it has left an appreciable gap between us and any Ohio college team not in that organization, our imaginative young friends of the "Denisonian" to the contrary notwithstanding. Denison, by the way, claims with some justice to lead the teams not in the Big Six so that her defeat at the hands of our substitutes is a very fair criterion of the relative worth of the Big Six and the best of the outside teams.

In spite, however, of all that can be said, it must be admitted that Kenyon has maintained, during the past season, a record which, though vastly superior to that of many larger colleges, is quite out of keeping with her wonted greatness and the imperishable glories of by-gone days. The outlook for other branches of athletics is more encouraging.

GOOD Basket Ball material is at the command of Captain Weiant, and an excellent team has been developed. Rumor has it that the material for a good track team is such as to assure us of a good showing at the Big Six meet, and that the baseball squad will be large and able.

WE cannot too strongly express our appreciation of the poem sent us by an Alumnus and printed in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN. Contributions from the Alumni are even more infrequent than their subscriptions, but if the subscriptions should at once rival in amount the excellencies of quality in this contribution, the KENYON COLLEGIAN would be an endowed institution.



To a Thistle-Down.

(It danced in my office, on the 13th floor, in the heart of the city.)

Premiere danseuse on summer's stage!
Scorn'st rustic conquests, slender wage,
That, wandering from fields afar
And gliding past yon window bar,
With airy poise and winsome grace
Thou whirlest here thy skirts of lace,
And weav'st, with pirouette and wheel,
The lustrous mazes of thy reel?
Well done, my faith! What star before
E'er trod her triumph on this floor!

Thy prairie orchestra, jocund,
Attends not here. With chest rotund,
And whistle in the dew just wet,
No robin sounds his clarinet;
No humble bee in mellow drone
Pipes counter to the frog's hoarse tone;
Nor with her castanets hard by
Cicada marks the harmony;
Nor, from the margin of the pond,
Does cattail swing his leader's wand!

No eager blossoms watch today,
In radiant silks and ribbons gay.
Fair columbine with gems beset,
Lifts not to thee her bright lorgnette;
Nor butterfly, with jealous eye—
Her steps to venture by and by,—
Spies from behind her yellow fan
Some foible in thy skill to scan;
Nor, with delighted wave and nod,
Applauding stands the golden-rod!

But at thee here, in mute amaze,
Sour Coke and Blackstone grimly gaze;
And frowning ranks of shocked reports
Note rash contempt of all their courts;
And from each desk and dusty lair
The crowding files bewildered stare;
While statutes, digests, precedents,
Thy case unknown must ponder hence!
Music there's none—save ebb and flow
In traffic's roar from far below.

The play is done! For scene more fair
Remount thy cycle of the air—
These rhymes thy fee. They're from my heart,
Though better grace should mete thy art.
A waif like thee myself I own,
With whence and whither all unknown;
By viewless fates blown wide and far;
Upon time's stage a gossamer;
Of earth, yet wistful of the sky—
Thy brother in the mystery!—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

C. M. S., Chicago, August, 1902.





FICTION



Turn About.

He was looking for an opportunity, and that in the most unrefined and vulgar sense of the word. His appearance was respectable, well-bred, up-to-date, genteel, in short, he looked like a gentleman—and such he really was, but in spite of appearances, he was watching for, in fact, putting himself out to obtain a cheap and very commonplace opportunity, which shrewdly evaded his grasp. He acknowledged to himself the littleness of his desire and the possible ease with which it might be gratified, but such considerations, such attempts at self-persuasion served only to intensify and augment his eagerness and make him the more impatient with his lack of success. A whole hour he sat racking his brain for a means of accomplishment, but found none; for the girl beside him in the railway coach seemed wholly sufficient unto herself, and in no mood—or rather in such a distant and beautifully cold, hard mood as to be hedged in securely from any chance inclination to receive, with consideration, advances from the man at her side or to loosen up the wheels of her own sociability.

She was a beautiful girl, with a delicate oval face, a well formed mouth, an ear that might well have been the handiwork of some ancient Grecian sculptor for all its daintiness, exquisite modeling, and delightfully diminutive air of self-assertiveness, eyes that were remarkable for a circle of darker brown about the edge of the eyeball, which wonderfully increased their depth and look of earnestness; yet at the same time, suggested possibilities of innocent dissimulation. The thick masses of her chestnut hair were caught up and held by combs and hairpins of softly translucent shell. She wore a big flat, broad-brimmed hat of straw which set her face in a veritable frame,

edged with a black veil tied about the crown; the ends of which floated out behind in long streamers or cuddled lovingly and timorously at her neck when caught by the varying currents of air from the open car window.

The chance which had led, or perhaps forced Theodore Ralston—Teddy, as he was familiarly known, to take his seat beside the girl who was now the cause of so much discomfiture to him, was curious. He was on his return from a visit to Mammoth Cave and had boarded the train for Louisville at Glasgow Junction. He stood at the front of the car and looked back, but the train was crowded and two seats only were unoccupied. The one was beside a poor weary-eyed woman, dressed in faded blue and wearing a delapidated straw hat trimmed in dull, drooping flowers and hideously gay ribbons. Her features, sharp and painfully flushed, wore a blank, unknowing look, and in her arms she listlessly held a fat but unhealthy baby whose head rolled limply about as the train joggled it. The flies gathered around its slobberly little mouth unhindered, and in fact, unheeded by either child or woman, and the nasty pests were driven away from the baby's eyes only when some more importunate one forced it to wink. At intervals the woman turned to call weakly to a blue skirted little boy trudging slowly up and down the aisle and stopping at every seat to examine, with deliberate and unnatural childish gravity, the passengers. He paid less attention to the woman than to the rumbling of the train, and she accepted his behaviour as a matter of course, as something to which she had always been accustomed and which would never be otherwise. Poor woman! her ignorance was her blessing, and if it did not make her happier, it at least made her unconscious of the hardness of her lot.

The other seat was directly across the aisle beside the beautiful specimen of femininity.

It is a very curious phase of man's nature, and woman's also, that some imaginary turn of pride, some slight trick of will power some intangible, almost unreal fancy will overcome natural instincts and lead the man, or woman, to do exactly the opposite of that

toward which their inclination and pleasure tend. Teddy had a base horror of infants, "on general principles" as he said. They seemed such wise and solemn little ignoramuses, so wrapped in unapproachable mystery that he felt under constraint in their presence and uncomfortable until out of it.

In the face of such facts, Teddy's choice would not seem a matter of much difficulty, but owing to that perversity in the nature of man he made it such. He hesitated and debated with himself. Suddenly, as he stood in the door-way, it came to his mind what any other young man, under like conditions, would do and how the understanding smiles and nudges would pass around the car, in fine, how ordinary it would be, and the thought provoked and stiffened a resolution. He walked down the aisle with a decided air, fortified against curious looks by the sense of his decision and even conscience-clear enough to look freely at the girl and take in every item of her appearance, but when, on turning into the seat, the baby stretched out a wet little hand toward him, all his well made resolutions vanished, his firmness of mind melted, and he fled—fled basely, like a coward, to the seat across the aisle for refuge. The girl, drawing her skirts about her, moved nearer the window, and he sat down feeling like a worthless craven who had abandoned his stronghold at the time of the crisis. There he sat and there he had sat for an hour in abject humiliation over his route, but gradually shame wore off and in its place an interest in his fair companion woke, deepened, and finally grew to an almost irrepressible eagerness. He was impatient to engage her in conversation, for he felt almost consumed with the desire to hear her voice. He produced it in imagination: now high, now low, now soft and sweet, now harsh and jangling, with every conceivable cadence and accent and every harmonious or discordant modulation; he fitted them to her as one would fit picture heads to a picture body. But he tired of his occupation, nor, to his eventual chagrin, could he invent any excuse for addressing her which did not, on the face of it, appear forced and impertinent.

At last an opportunity seemed offered when the conductor passed through the car and in a sharp nasal tone ordered windows to be

closed for the tunnel. Teddy found his feet with alacrity: "Excuse me please," he said leaning forward to shut the window, and in so doing purposely giving her hat a knock that carried beneath it an accumulated store of undeserved spleen, though so innocent and accidental on the surface. It answered its purpose only so far as to elicit a faint and indistinct monosyllable, so that their relations and his knowledge were at exactly the same point as before.

Then came the tunnel. Teddy had about reached that stage of vexation where he would give up the attempt and resign himself to dissatisfied disgust when, like a torch in the darkness, a brilliant idea, carrying a possibility that fairly dazzled him, flashed across his mind. The possibility became a probability, the probability, a likelihood, and in an incredibly short time the likelihood had developed into a certainty; a certainty over which he chuckled abominably. Long before daylight glimmered from the other end of the tunnel, he reached down and opened his suit case, fingered out a volume in which, with no regard for the contents, he became hopelessly buried when at last the glare of day appeared. For a few minutes his companion sat in uneasy quietness; once or twice turning as though to address him and as often passing it off into a mere change of position. At last she spoke: "It's very close in here. Would you mind opening the window again—please?"

"I'm so glad!" was his utterly irrelevant return.

"Yes?" she half questioned curiously.

"Because if you had been I'd never have forgiven you," he went on.

A frozen and dignified "Really" was on her lips, but she changed her mind and asked, "If I'd been what?"

"Oh, that's my little secret and it mightn't be just polite for me to tell."

"But it wouldn't be just polite not to tell either."

"I know, still it might strike you as impertinent and so to speak, put you out."

"Put me out?"

"Well, that is, you see it might embarrass you."

"Yes, I see. But the window is down. Will you kindly raise it?"

"Certainly, certainly. I hope you are not offended?"

"Not at all," she answered in the horrible, conventional manner which glosses over a situation with such bafflingly transparent hypocrisy, only you speak very strangely and there's small reason why I should not receive it strangely or answer back strangely. What is it that you say I am not?"

Teddy was looking for this return to the former question and considered a moment before answering. At last he said, "You are like—or rather, you're not like a—a—I hardly like to say it—but you don't bear any resemblance at all to a peacock."

This time the threatened ice was melted by a flash of fire that rose and warmed her words as well as her eyes and cheeks. "Yes, you are impertinent, insolently impertinent—I had almost said insultingly so, except that I won't lower my own self respect by the use of such terms. I am not offended, though perhaps I should be, but am perfectly willing to end our acquaintance right now."

"You're delightful, refreshingly so," cried Teddy without showing any of the humiliation and penitence he should consistently have felt under this sharp rebuke, but on the contrary smiling a malicious little smile of joy behind her back, for he knew that he had sowed seeds, which, without further care or attention, would spring and bear fruit. He retired into his book well content to wait.

The scenery at first assumed absorbing interest and she gazed, without apparently a thought for anything else, long and earnestly at the hurrying landscape, noting every picturesque valley, every green-crested hill and cottage nestled among the trees, every verdant field, every shuddering trestle, but even such numerous and such varied charms at length palled. Next, a vociferous little gentleman in a light checkered suit, who, several seats ahead, was trying, with much energy and perspiration, to persuade his seat mate of the truth of some theory or other, took her attention, but this source of amuse-

ment was speedily exhausted. An intrusive cinder formed a momentary diversion, and Teddy was sorely tempted to offer her his aid, but he wisely kept to his book and waited his time. Every minute she grew more uneasy and more conscious of herself. As a last resort she followed Teddy's lead and took refuge in a book, though only too plainly showing her aversion to the idea of even appearing to imitate him.

Teddy could now afford to steal an occasional glance at her and again he shamefully exulted in secret at the return of her former disquietude and the signs of her coming surrender. For some time she kept manfully at it, but in the end with a pretty, resigned, helpless, little sigh she dropped the book in her lap as an acknowledgement of her conquest; that, figurately speaking, she was "hands up" to the heartless creature beside her, who had roused and so dexterously managed her worst enemy, curiosity.

"Why?" she turned to him and asked. He looked up from his book with eyes sparkling and the shadow of a smile about his mouth. "Oh, you're horrid!" she cried.

"No; just tantalizing."

"Horrid, I say; as near a regular beast as a man can come."

"And not be one," finished Teddy; "but it wasn't my fault."

"It was all your fault," she replied; "and you know it."

"I simply left it to itself and didn't have anything to do with it."

"But you started it even you knew it was an ungentlemanly trick. We might as well have it over with, however, so tell me why not?"

"There isn't really much to tell," said Teddy deprecatingly, "and you may be disappointed when you have heard it, but here goes anyway. Well, you see, a peacock is, at least in my estimation, one of the most beautiful birds that—"

"And you can sit up and tell me to my face that I am ugly? You are indeed a most remarkable man." The girl spoke in all seriousness of voice, but with an expression of the eyes that Teddy did not catch and the loss of which veiled for him completely the true spirit of the words. He was sincerely confused.

"Not—not that way."

"How then?" she questioned.

"No, you don't understand," he answered hurriedly—"you didn't let me finish. It's your voice, your wonderful voice that makes the difference."

"How can you know anything about it in all this noise and rattle?"

"It makes no difference how; you may be beautiful, but your voice is more beautiful still."

Teddy was quite in earnest now and spoke with such evident seriousness and sincerity that the girl hardly felt justified in taking offense even at such bold and vulgarly direct compliments; but in spite of her generosity for this last offense, she still smarted under the stinging sense of her recent defeat and bore covert resentment toward the conscious cause of it at her side.

"You seem to know a great deal," she said coolly, with a careless shrug of her shoulders and an unconcerned glance out of the window.

"Only what I—or anybody, for that matter—can see and hear and infer. I know no more than you yourself have shown me."

"Am I then so open and easy of perusal?" she asked.

"No, you're not," answered Teddy, glad to see her inclination to prolong the conversation, "but you see I've had the immense advantage of talking to you and that's a big item in inferring things about people. A mere chance inflection sometimes gives away a whole phase of character." He spoke with the confidence of well founded knowledge, though in reality his assertion was a trumpery, a base fraud on the spur of the moment and assuming the dignity of conviction because of the needs of the occasion.

The girl looked amused. "Do you really think so?" she asked.

"Most assuredly," answered Teddy. "Now our conversation—"

"Is wholly inexcusable and in the highest degree improper," she broke in.

Teddy looked confused.

"Here am I," she went on: "a young lady of respectable family, with a reputation to uphold, a name to keep clear, a more or less wide circle of acquaintances, and yet, here am I, sitting up before a whole car load of people and boldly, brazenly, yes most shamelessly talking to a man, whom everybody has inevitably seen I never knew before, and about whom I really do know nothing,—not even so much as his name."

She warmed to her subject and the hot day brought out several points of perspiration which glistened, made themselves felt, and were promptly wiped away with a morsel of lace and linen, breathing faintly of voilets.

"That is easily remedied," said Teddy "my name is Theodore V. Ralston, of Louisville, Ky."

"That's about the only remedy there is—now," she returned with a pretty air of resignation, "what does the V. stand for?"

"The V.?" questioned Teddy, uncomprehending, but eager for some chance to atone for the irregularity of their relations.

"Yes—the V. in your name?"

"Oh! Why that stands for Victor."

"That's a pretty name, a very pretty name; quite romantic, in fact. How did you happen to think it up?"

"I had no part in the business;" said Teddy, "but see here this is all one sided, who are you?"

The girl answered him playfully, bafflingly: "Oh, put me down as Theodora V—Theodora V—oh, anything prettier than Ralston."

Teddy was hurt at her lack of confidence, but said in the same spirit: "It's a good thing you didn't call yourself a Ralston, for I'd surely have claimed you as a sister. But pshaw! I could have thought up a much more romantic name if you'd let me know and given me a fair chance."

"For whom—you or me?"

"For me of course—or rather both of us, it seems, if you insist on imitation."

"Would you really?" she asked banteringly.

"Of course I would," he answered, a savage, helpless resentment rising toward his beautiful derider.

"Don't get mad about it," she said in smooth, silky tones, "it isn't refined; it isn't genteel; it isn't polite; besides, it's too hot today. It isn't a bit nice of you either, to pretend to be mad when you know very well that it's all your own fault. I didn't ask you to tell on yourself. But what's the difference? You needn't care, for I'll tell you my name and then we'll be even," she went on sweetly and stopped for some answer from him; not getting which she continued, "it's Alice M. Grate—"

"—house, I suppose," finished Teddy in spiteful derision.

"Yes" answered the girl with a look of surprise, "but how did you know?"

"Oh, I knew your father," he answered in the same beastly state of resentment.

"You did" exclaimed the girl, her face brightening as though a new and rosy prospect were opening up for her; "then perhaps you have heard."

"Yes, it was shocking." Teddy had been dimly conscious of a change in the girl's manner and some doubts and scruples rose in his mind, but he crushed them down with the thought that perhaps she was still making fun of him, and this thought dulled his sensibilities and made him feel no compunction in giving her the lie. Her next words caused him to look at her in surprise. Tears filled her eyes and her mouth was twitching painfully and apprehensively.

"Then—then it really has—happened?" she faltered and hurried on without waiting for an answer, "we've been afraid of it all along and in such awful uncertainty. These rumors that get afloat are so vague, so unsatisfactory, so—so terrifying, that it's a positive relief to get hold of some one who knows for certain—"

"But—but—" Teddy tried to interrupt her.

"Even though he does tell us horrible things. It's so hard to get news and we hear so little that any tiny bit is a perfect god-send. And what a treasure! what a real treasure you'll be to mamma! I'll

take you right to her." Teddy sneaked a glance about him in fear. "Oh she isn't here now," said the girl noticing his action, but I mean, when we get to Louisville."

Teddy had made several ineffectual attempts to stop the girl, but finally yielded with resignation to the situation and patiently endured her assumptions which before he knew it, plunged him into a false position too deep for honorable, as he thought, retreat. His faculties were confused, his eyes blinded and the easiest way out of it seemed for him to play his part and trust to his angels of good fortune for deliverance—as the train was now on the outskirts of Louisville and the ordeal could not last long. He looked at the girl and found her watching him with keen eyes, from which all traces of tears had vanished.

"I shall be delighted to meet your mother," he said with as much ease and affability as he could muster.

"Of course you will," she answered, "everybody likes mamma; only you must break the news very gently, for she is terribly nervous, and so easily—oh so easily upset. Now I can stand things, but she—why she made scenes over lots littler things than you have to tell. But you know how to do it. If we meet her at the station don't say much about it, but wait until we get home and have had lunch; then she'll be ready for it. You can check your suit-case at the station, or if you wish, take it to your hotel and then come out you yourself; because you must lunch with us, for mamma wouldn't hear of an old friend of father's doing anything else."

Beads of perspiration stood on Teddy's brow as he thought of the probable humiliating end of the predicament into which he had so foolishly and unresistingly allowed himself to be forced—gently, it is true, but nevertheless forced. He felt as though squeezed into a barrel with the nails bent down, and now when he wished most fervently for relief he found himself held by a dozen pricking points. His only means of escape was to slip the barrel over his head and sneak out through the bottom. It was a cowardly trick, but his only resource.

"When did you last hear from father?" asked the girl.

"About a month ago," lied Teddy bravely.

"And—and had it happened so long ago as that?" she asked again with a quaver and moist accent in her voice, as though the tears were near the surface.

"I—I—Oh don't take it so hard, Miss Gratehouse. I don't believe it's so bad as all that; in fact, I know it isn't."

"Poor mamma!" half moaned the girl, "how can she ever stand it!"

The conductor called the Louisville station.

"Look here now," said Teddy in great confusion and distress, "don't you worry over a thing I've said. I don't believe that report is true, anyhow: I know it isn't true, so don't mind."

"I won't," she answered, "but you must come and see mamma, at any rate—when you have left your suit-case at the hotel."

"Yes, yes," said Teddy, who, in his desire to reassure her, had forgotten his loop hole of escape "of course, when I've left my suit case." In spite of his confusion and embarrassment, he suspected a slight return of her bantering tones, but he gladly dismissed the suspicion in his eagerness to escape further intercourse with the terribly lovely little creature, and in the face of a protesting conscience hurried away. His departure was almost rude in its abruptness. He dodged behind a protecting corner of the station and dropped his suit case with a sigh of relief, but immediately a complete revulsion of feeling came over him as, like a burst of cold water, he realized how little and contemptible was the part he had played and what a cowardly cur he had made of himself. He felt it his duty as a gentleman to enlighten the girl and keep her and her poor old mother from bothering their heads about some misfortune, the nature of which he had never so much as heard. With as great haste as he had sought his corner he now left it, in earnest search for the girl. He almost ran into her going toward the front entrance.

"I was looking for you," he said simply.

"Any more news?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I've something to tell you,"

"I knew you'd come," she said; "for I read you about as well as you did me and I knew it wasn't in you to stay away."

"You've been mistaken in me then, because I'm a mean contemptible brute and have played a despicable part. I don't know anything about your father or any trouble he's in."

"Neither do I, for here he comes now to meet me."

"Then you were—?"

"Yes, I was. Turn about is fair play, you see, and I had to get even for my defeat some way."

"Well you did," laughed Teddy with immense relief.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, but you must come and see us anyhow," she returned handing him a card and smiling gently, "even if you have nothing to tell mamma."

And Teddy went.

M. B. L.

"Crowe & Earner, Physicians."

Mr. Crowe was a peculiar man—rather he had grown to be peculiar. Once the most kind and honored physician in Alderbrooke, he had come to occupy an entirely different position.

For years Crowe had been the most popular man in the town. He had been on the school board, on the village council and had been one of the most prominent factors in all public questions. As a churchman, the doctor, too, had been one of the most devout, and had perhaps more influence than any man in Alderbrooke. All this had been true while his wife was living. After her death and funeral the doctor seemed to be heartbroken. He did not want to talk with any one, and went about buried in his business. No longer did he attend church services, but contented himself in his work. Night and day his carriage was busy, and always many patients were waiting for him at his office. It was an undisputed fact that Dr. Crowe was the best physician for miles around the country.

Such actions, of course, were just the opposite from what the people had learned to look for, and many were disgusted with him. Surly, short, independent, he soon came to be despised. Soon the gossips had it that Doctor Crowe was the meanest man in Alderbrooke.

A physician's profession is different from almost any business, and strange to say, Crowe lost very little practice by his actions. The people would invariably, when they were well, vow never again to employ Crowe, but when they were sick and a physician had to be called, it usually was Crowe. They knew that he was the best man at the sick bed, and they had complete faith in his skill as a doctor.

Now Doctor Crowe had a daughter. Alice Crowe was perhaps the prettiest girl in the town and always had been popular. Strange to say, her father's actions towards the village people had made no difference in the treatment accorded to her. She lived at home with him and took complete charge of his large house. His meanness had no visible effect upon her. She had everything in clothes and attention that could be asked for.

About this time a young college graduate came to Alderbrooke and opened a doctor's office. The young man's name was Earner. He had a fine appearance, and was at once taken into the best society of the town. Young Doctor Earner soon became acquainted with Miss Crowe, and called frequently upon her, much to the disgust of her father. The old doctor could not bear Earner, much less have him around his own home. "He's just a college fool with a doctor's shingle," was his comment.

Matters run about the same for two years. Earner continued to call upon Miss Crowe steadily. He had secured some practice and also some recognition from a few of the doctors, but as yet Dr. Crowe paid no attention to him.

Early in the spring of the young physician's third year at Alderbrooke, an epidemic of smallpox broke out in the town. Many died from the disease and all the doctors, young Earner included, were summoned by the board of health to a meeting. The object of this

gathering was to determine the best method for dealing with the smallpox, and to secure a physician from their number to devote all of his time to the attendance of the sufferers. This would necessitate much personal risk, as well as loss of practice, and none of the doctors present were willing to undertake what the board desired. They were argued with for a long time but without result. Finally, Earner, who had remained quietly looking on, rose and in a few words told of a smallpox epidemic which had broken out while he was a student at college, and how he had been chosen from his fellows to attend their sick classmates. He told the tale slowly and with no show of boastfulness and in conclusion, he offered his services.

The board was taken by surprise. A hasty conference was held and Earner closely questioned by the doctors, among whom the most prominent was Dr. Crowe. The young physician answered all their queries with a deliberate air, which won much confidence for him. At last a vote was taken and it was decided that Earner should begin work at once.

Seven months had passed since the meeting of the doctors and the board. Earner had left his rising practice and had gone to the dirty shanty where the poor sufferers were. He had worked hard for them, and all but one of the victims had recovered. Then Earner himself took the disease. He was almost worn out from his steady nursing when the disease settled on him, and for days he lingered between life and death. At last, however, he gradually got better and finally recovered.

It was a cold winter's night, Dr. Crowe, Alice and Dr. Earner were seated in the old doctor's library. A fire of logs gave a ruddy glow, and it was the only light in the room. They had sat in silence, with gaze fixed upon the smoking wood for some moments, finally Dr. Crowe turned to the younger man and spoke: "Earner, this is the first time that I have spoken to you in my own house. You have been here often—yes, very often, since your heroic battle against the small-

pox. In that work you did nobly. Your great sacrifice for my town's people and your own great risk of self and practice has opened my eyes. I have wronged you—I have not dealt fairly with you at all. I have considered it all and have come to see how mean I have been. Now, Earner, I have for some time wished to give up my practice. I am tired of this everlasting work. I have made enough money, but I still dislike to be out of the entire business. I want you to consider going into partnership with me. I know that I have wronged you in many ways, but take your time and think it over carefully. Let me know your decision in a week, if possible."

A year has passed, Dr. Earner and Miss Crowe have been married some months. And no longer does the old sign hang from Dr. Crowe's office, but in its place is a new one which reads, "Crowe & Earner, Physicians."

L. H. G.

A Moral Tale.

The Sunday School teacher had arrived at his post rather hurriedly, and as he scanned the young faces around him, the thought occurred to him that he had not prepared any lesson for them and therefore was at a loss what to say. So he popped the question to them, "Boys, what will I talk *about*?" but profound silence followed. Again he proffered the suggestion, "Boys, come, come, what will I talk *about*?" but no reply came, when suddenly he pointed to a certain bright lad who looked anxious, saying "You, Johnny, tell me what will I talk *about*?" when slowly but wisely came the retort from Johnny, "Ah, talk *about* a half a minute."

E. TUNMORE.

College News.

The appearance of the President's office has been greatly improved by the addition of new chairs. They are of heavy oak and classical design, and add much to the beauty of the room. Three hundred chairs have also been procured for use in Rosse Hall. This is a very welcome improvement, for the appearance of the Hall will be greatly helped by an uniformity of seats.

Work on the south division of Hanna Hall is progressing rapidly, and will probably have reached a stage near enough to completion to admit of occupancy by the opening of college after the Christmas vacation.

The interest manifested in Philo Mathesian this year is very encouraging, and indications are that the coming year will be one of the best for some time. There has been some talk of reorganizing Nu Pi Kappe this year. We should be very glad to see this done, as competitive work could be done that would be of great benefit to the members and a credit to the college. We should be glad to see the old custom of having a debate on Washington's Birthday renewed this year.

Mr. Samuel Holmes, '06, has left college to accept a very lucrative position. The college wishes Mr. Holmes the greatest success in his new field.

Dr. and Mrs. Peirce are sojourning for a fortnight in Rome, Italy. Letters from them tell of a most pleasant trip from Paris to Venice.

Ground has been broken for the foundations for the new Chapel at Bexley Hall.

It is a source of much pleasure to all Kenyon men to know that "Uncle Mark" has been appointed chairman of the Panama Canal Committee.

Mr. Fletcher Jackson, '04, has returned to college after being out for two weeks on account of the sickness and death of his father.

Work in the gymnasium was taken up immediately after Thanksgiving. The Freshman class is under the direction of Mr. Buter, '04, and the Sophomores under Dr. Eckstorm.

Smallpox has made its appearance in Mt. Vernon again this winter. Accordingly the Faculty have made a ruling that no one will be allowed to return to college after the Christmas vacation who has not been vaccinated.

The family of Bishop Brooke has become established in the new house just completed by Mr. Stoye.

Mr. Fred Hartman, '06, has been called home on account of the illness and death of his mother.

At a meeting of the Assembly held December 9th, Mr. Warman, '06, was elected a member of the Honour Committee; vice Mr. Humburger, '06, resigned. Football for 1904 was discussed and a great deal of enthusiasm and interest was manifested. Speeches were made by Dr. Eckstorm and the captain-elect, Mr. Oliver, mapping out a plan for action for the next season.

We are glad to note the recovery of Professor West from his recent illness. He has resumed charge of all his classes.

The organization of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs has been effected by Mr. Taylor, '06, the new leader of the clubs. The new music has arrived and is very pretty indeed. Work will begin as soon as college opens after the holidays, and a good club is looked for.

Mr. Geo. Fisher, formerly of '06, but now a student of Case, was a visitor on the Hill December 13th and 14th.

The Senior class has decided to present Sheridan's "Critic" during Commencement week.

At a meeting of the Junior class the first week in December, they decided to publish a Reveille, and appointed the following Board: Maxwell B. Long, Editor in Chief, Carl R. Ricketts, Business Manager,

and Jas. M. Smith, H. B. Williams and Allen Sutcliffe, Associate Editors, and J. W. Upson, Art Editor. Much credit is due the class for their undertaking.

Prospects are good for a successful basket ball season. There is some very good material in the Freshman class, and with the old players who are left a very fast team should be developed. This season opens with University of Cincinnati at Cincinnati on January 14th. New outfits have been procured and the team will present an appearance creditable to the institution.

Alumni Notes.

George Fisher, ex '06, was on the Hill for two days.

Arthur Bagley, ex '02, spent a week in Gambier.

Arthur J. Aubrey spent a day on the Hill recently.

The Rev. C. T. Walklely, '92, who has been first curate of Grace Church, New York, has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's, Oakland, Cal.

The Rev. H. St. Clair Hathaway, '86, is now associate rector of St. Thomas Church, Brooklyn.

H. G. Greer is with the Glasgow Bros., Jackson, Mich.

C. V. Webb, '96, is in the silk importing business.

Walter J. Morris, '02, is assaying chemist with the Octave Mining Company, Octave, Arizona.

Charles Suhr, '83, has been elected probate judge in Huron County, Ohio.

Alvin E. Duerr, '98, is teaching in the Pan-Charter School in Philadelphia.

E. W. Armstrong, ex '95, is managing the Heyman Milling Company, Monroeville, Ohio.

H. J. Eberth, '89, is assistant principal of the Toledo High School.

E. Martin, '96, is city solicitor in Norwalk, Ohio.

A. R. Williams, '75, has become editor of a paper in Orrville, Ohio.

D. A. Williams, '99, has just returned from Alaska.

Rufus Southworth, '00, will finish at the Miami Medical College in the spring.

W. D. Blake, '98, has taken up the tailoring business in Carthage, Missouri.

J. H. Brandon, '02, is president of the Gypsy Grove Mining Company.

H. L. Henlinger, '83, has been elected president of the Alumni Association in Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. Taltavall, '83, is a civil engineer of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, and is located in Philadelphia.



ATHLETICS

A decorative graphic featuring a basketball hoop and ball. The ball is positioned above the letter 'L' in the word 'ATHLETICS', which is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. A ribbon or cord is tied in a bow at the top and loops around the ball and the letters 'H' and 'T'.

Basket ball has gradually become a more important factor in Winter sports than ever before, and we take pleasure in calling attention to the interest shown at Kenyon. Other colleges in the state are showing an interest in this young game and its outlook for the winter is promising. We have played this game for five seasons and have ranked among the first every year. This year, with three of last year's 'Varsity five and two of the substitutes, and excellent material in the Freshmen class, we hope to turn out a championship team. C. A. Weiant, forward on last year's team, is captain, and F. H. Hamm is manager. We have arranged the following games and the open dates will all be filled:

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| January | 14. | University of Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. |
| " | 15. | Y. M. C. A. of Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. |
| " | 16. | Otterbein, at Westerville. |
| " | 21. | Buchtel, at Akron. |
| " | 22. | Mt. Union, at Alliance. |
| " | 23. | Wooster, at Wooster. |
| " | 30. | Open. |
| February | 11. | University of Cincinnati, at Gambier. |
| " | 13. | O. S. U., at Columbus. |
| " | 20. | Open. |
| " | 27. | Open. |
| March | 5. | O. S. U., at Gambier. |
| " | 12. | O. W. U., at Gambier. |

Correspondence.

GAMBIER, OHIO, December 13, 1903.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: As a student of Kenyon College, and believing thoroughly in its honorable traditions, I desire to express myself of a certain phase of the so-called Freshmen gathering of this month. I also write this in the belief that the KENYON COLLEGE COLLEGIAN is one means where such an expression of opinion should be placed, because it primarily represents the student body, and secondly, because of its publicity. Thus affording a wide circulation to facts and truth, which are essential to every self-respecting community.

The view that an upper-classman is a superior sort of being is truly a respectable one. But whether this is true or not, we do hold, it seems to me, as students of Kenyon College, which all love, that certain lines of action among the upper-classmen are in no way compatible with the dignity they should maintain. There is no written law on this subject, true, but there is a spirit, and that spirit rules. This, I believe, is a generally accepted doctrine.

As to the kind of the so-called Freshmen gathering during a certain day of this month, we do not wish to inquire into at all. That is not our business; let the babies have their fun, and we will stand by and smile as an indulgent parent on its child. And also as to the fact whether or not they were aided and abetted in preparing this charming evening by certain upper-classmen seems to me should be left to further inquiry before we pronounce judgment. Yet I believe that current rumor at this present writing now points her finger with no undegree of truth at certain upper-classmen. How the mighty have fallen! But at any rate this fact remains, that certain upper-classmen were discovered present by certain competent witnesses, I believe. Now this seems unwarrantable; for I believe that it is incompatible with the dignity of the upper-classmen, and against all college tradition that they should interfere in any way between the

two lower classes, unless exceptional conditions arise; such as when the general welfare of the college is concerned, or under like circumstances. This case, however, is clearly in my view an unwarrantable interference, inasmuch as it is not an exceptional condition.

But, to cut the matter short, in point of fact it did occur, it should not occur again. We do not care when the Freshmen and Sophomores do *inter se*, but we do care when the dignity of upper-classdom is assailed, as it certainly was a short time ago.

AN UPPER-CLASSMAN.



Among the Colleges.

The football association at Yale cleared over fifty thousand dollars during the last season.

The Dartmouth team had the heaviest line in the country last season. From tackle to tackle it averaged 222 pounds.

F. D. Colson, assistant coach of the Cornell crews, will coach the Harvard eight next Spring.

The Denisonian publishes an editorial discussing the question as to whether that institution should apply for admission into the Big Six or should wait for an invitation, and as to whether or not such an invitation should be accepted. The Denisonian seems to think that Denison should make a stipulation permitting the Academy men to play. The Denisonian further tabulates the teams of Ohio colleges, putting himself above two members of the Big Six. At this writing the Big Six have not yet sent any invitation to Denison "University" and Academy.



Religious Notes.

BEDELL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Bedell Missionary Society, of Bexley Hall, have arranged an excellent program for the study of Missions this year, part of which has already been carried out. The following is a copy of the program:

"Some Phases of Diocesan Missions," Bishop Leonard, November 6th.

"St. Andrew's Brotherhood," H. J. Simpson, November 18th.

"Guilds as Missionary Organizations," C. F. Mager, November 23rd.

"Life and Work in the Levant," Dr. Southworth, December 4th.

"Mission Work Through the Sunday School," W. L. Torrence, December 8th.

"Work of Bishop Kinsolving in Brazil," L. A. Edelblute, January 15th.

"Church Work Among Southern Colored People," Mr. Bowler, January 22nd.

"Mission Work in the Far West," G. M. Wylie, January 29th.

"Work of the Church of England in Palestine," E. J. Owen, February 5th.

The annual convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association was held in the early part of December at Huron College, London, Canada. The Bedell Society was represented by Messrs. Owen, Walker and Davidson. There was only one other chapter, the one at the General Seminary, which had a larger delegation than this.

